In Memoriam

J. Wilbur Chapman

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Memorial services, J. Wilbur Chapman

J. Wilm Chapman

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Memorial Services

J. Wilbur Chapman

Fourth Presbyterian Church

Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church

New York City

Sunday, December Twenty-ninth

Nineteen Hundred and Eighteen

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1919

FOREWORD.

IT was early on Christmas morning, as day began to dawn, that God's beloved undershepherd and evangelist left his earthly tenement and entered into the house not made with hands. His body was brought to the Manse of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, where he had lived and wrought so wonderfully in the last pastorate he held before entering fully into evangelistic work, and there the beloved face was viewed by many who came and went in silent yet triumphant grief. Some who seemed to be strangers, but who at one time or another had been touched by Dr. Chapman's winsome ministry, came long distances to pay their tribute of love. On Sabbath morning a great congregation gathered in the Fourth Church, where a simple and tender service of memorial was held—a service that was characterized throughout with the home touch of those who deeply loved him. Here was his home and here he had gathered his flock about him.

Because many more wished to pay this great man their tribute than could be accommodated in a single service, another service was held in the afternoon in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church. Here also a large congregation assembled and listened with profound attention to the tributes that were given to his life and work. Late in the afternoon the beloved remains were laid to rest in Woodlawn Cemetery.

The measure of the influence of such a life—who can calculate it? Death does not obliterate it. Thousands upon thousands still live who

thank God for Wilbur Chapman, and the saving Gospel that he preached with rare beauty and power. Other thousands there are on the other side who must have given him a joyful welcome to the Palace of the King.

To have known him, to have heard him, to have loved him—our life here below is richer for all this. Faith is dearer, hope is clearer, friendship is sweeter—Christ Himself is more precious. The shepherd of a great and world-wide flock has himself gone into the fold, and the Good Shepherd Himself has bidden him be forever at home!

EDGAR WHITAKER WORK.

Services

at the

Fourth Presbyterian Church

at eleven o'clock

INVOCATION, The Reverend Edgar Whitaker Work, D.D., *Pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, New York.*

O God, our Heavenly Father, we worship and adore Thee in Thy Holy House on Thy Holy Day. Accept the love and reverence of our hearts, and look down in tender mercy upon us to reward us with Thy healing Presence. Be a Father to us all, and to many others who are like us in our sense of loss and sorrow.

It is a difficult time for Thy Church. Our trust is in Thee, O God. Our hope is in Thee, O Christ. Our comfort comes from Thee, O Holy Spirit.

Enable us to hear Thy Holy Word, that we may be deeply consoled. Let the riches of Thy Gospel be in every heart. Let the rejoicings of Thy Word lift us all up and make us glad.

Use these sacred memorial services, O God, for Thine own glory, and for the spread of Thy Gospel, and the increase of Thy Kingdom. Let Thy glory shine today in Thy house upon pulpit and pews and people, and let all the people exalt Thy Holy Name. And this we pray in the name of our adorable Lord and Saviour, who hath taught us to pray—saying:

Our Father, who art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name. Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil: for Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever. Amen.

"WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS" - - - - - *Miller*

CHURCH CHOIR

When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See! from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

READING OF THE SCRIPTURE - -

THE REVEREND EDGAR WHITAKER WORK, D.D., *Pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, New York.*

There were many passages of the Holy Scripture that were dear to Dr Chapman. He loved the 121st Psalm:

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: He that keepeth thee will not slumber.

Behold He that keepeth Israel shall never slumber nor sleep.

The Lord is thy keeper; the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; he shall preserve thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth and even forever more."

Like all of us, he loved the Shepherd Psalm. We remember how often he asked his congregation to repeat it from memory.

"The Lord is my shepherd;

I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;

He leadeth me beside still waters.

He restoreth my soul:

He guideth me in the paths of righteousness for His Name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the Valley of the shadow of death

I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me.

Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies;

Thou hast anointed my head with oil;

My cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and loving kindness shall follow me all the days of my life;

And I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

One can imagine with what emphasis and with what feeling he himself might have read these words:

"Behold, I show you a mystery; we shall not all sleep but we shall all be changed,

In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump, for the trumpet shall sound; and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.

For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, death is swallowed up in victory.

Oh death, where is thy sting? Oh grave, where is thy victory?

The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law.

But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord, Jesus Christ.

Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, for as much as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

Very recently, Dr. Chapman has had his thoughts centered a great deal upon the words to be found in Paul's Epistle to the Philippians, and he has been speaking about them often in recent addresses:

"What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ.

Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, my Lord; for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ,

And be found in Him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith:

That I may know Him, and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings, being made conformable unto his death;

If by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead."

And whenever he spoke of this last verse, he called attention to its actual meaning, and quoted the literal translation—"If by any means I might attain unto the *out resurrection* of the dead, the resurrection out from among the dead."

I remember hearing Dr. Chapman say in a sermon one time, when he was speaking about the Fourteenth Chapter of John's Gospel, that he knew of a blind girl, to whom the Bible had been given; and when she opened to this chapter and put her fingers upon the raised letters, not knowing what book it was, she said, "Oh, that's the Bible!":

"Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me.

In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."

Most of all, it seems to me, I imagine that I hear his own voice as he might have read these words:

"And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.

In the midst of the street of it and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruits every month; and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.

And there shall be no more curse; but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it, and His servants shall serve Him.

And they shall see His face; and His name shall be in their foreheads.

And there shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign forever and ever.

And he said unto me, These sayings are faithful and true; and the Lord God of the holy prophets sent His angels to show unto His servants the things which must shortly be done.

Behold, I come quickly; blessed is he that keepeth the sayings of the prophecy of this book."

PRAYER - - - - - - - -

THE REVEREND AQUILLA WEBB, D.D., *Pastor of the Central North Broad Street Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia.*

O, Lord God, our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee that Thou didst give this servant to us. We thank Thee for the memory of the mother, though we did not meet her, yet from his lips we knew her; for her loving care over him. We thank Thee for the institutions, the college and the seminary, and for the influence there upon his life. We thank Thee, O God, for his call to the ministry, for the church's recognizing his ability and giving him the opportunity to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. We thank Thee too, O God, for the great captain of industry who was his friend and who gave him such an opportunity for evangelistic endeavor and who awaited him in triumph on the farther shore.

We rejoice over the many sermons our brother was enabled to preach and those we heard. We thank Thee for those he has caused to be printed. And we pray that none of his words shall fall to the ground. We bless Thee for all the souls he was enabled to win to Thee, a vast multitude throughout the world. For his wonderful ministry, we give Thee thanks and praise.

We pray for those who listened to the Word and may not have accepted it at the time. In these days may they hear with an added emphasis the call of this mighty man to come over on the Lord's side.

We rejoice over the many things he accomplished in his life. We rejoice over the opportunity that our great church gave him in the closing days of his life. when in the fullness of his strength and power, he was enabled to go over the country he loved, and not only minister to our denomination, but to all denominations. We rejoice over the many messages he was able to deliver to the ministers, and for the strength attained from them. But wherever he went, we rejoice to think not of him as so much a great preacher or a great evangelist, but as our friend, our brother. And we rejoice, too, in the greatness of his life, orderly, systematic, harmonious and blended, so that his was not the greatness of the meteor that flashes out upon the darkness only long enough to reveal the gloom and oblivion into which it rushes, but his was like the greatness of the sun that shines on forever.

We pray that we may, in this, find our comfort and our consolation; for, in all this greatness, he was so wonderful because he touched our lives at so many points, and walked with us

in such familiar fellowship, and had so much in common with us.

O Lord, we have tried to pray but we feel this is the time to sit still and listen to Thee. O God, speak to us. It would be asking much to have a double portion of his spirit fall upon us, but in these troubled times, we feel we need just that grace and blessing from Thy hands. To take up the work that he has laid down in the fullness of his power, give us a double portion today, O God, of his spirit.

And now, our Father, we pray for Thy blessing to be upon his family and upon his loved ones, upon his wife and his children and his grandchildren. O, put Thy loving arms about them and care for them. What a wonderful heritage and blessing is theirs! This is not a time of defeat; it is a time of great triumph. And while we weep, yet we rejoice, rejoice with them over the goodness and greatness and the work of this mighty man who has fallen asleep in Christ Jesus. And we pray for Thy blessing upon those who shall bring to us a message this morning, men who were close to him, who were his friends, because it was his friendship that made us friends, and brought us together.

Be with us now and keep us and help us to do Thy holy way; and if it be possible, may we be gathered unto our fathers in the fullness of our strength also when our eye is undimmed and our natural strength is not abated.

We ask it in Christ's Name. Amen.

"ONE DAY" - *Words by Dr. Chapman*

Mr. Albert Brown.

One day when heaven was filled with His praises,
One day when sin was as black as could be,
Jesus came forth to be born of a virgin—
Dwelt amongst men, my example is He!

Chorus:

Living, He loved me; dying, He saved me;
Buried, He carried my sins far away;
Rising, He justified freely for ever:
One day He's coming—O glorious day.

One day they led Him up Calvary's mountain,
One day they nailed Him to die on the tree;
Suffering anguish, despised and rejected:
Bearing our sins, my Redeemer is He!

One day they left Him alone in the garden,
One day He rested from suffering free;
Angels came down o'er His tomb to keep vigil;
Hope of the hopeless, my Saviour is he!

One day the grave could conceal Him no longer,
One day the stone rolled away from the door;
Then He arose, over death He had conquered;
Now is ascended, my Lord evermore!

One day the trumpet will sound for His coming,
One day the skies with His glory will shine;
Wonderful day, my beloved ones bringing;
Glorious Saviour, this Jesus is mine!

THE REV. EDGAR WHITAKER WORK, D.D.:

All over this country, in the churches and the pulpits, thanksgiving is being offered to God for this friend of ours and for the ministry which he was permitted to exercise in the world. In some places, services of memorial like this are being held today. For instance, in far-away San Diego on the Pacific Coast, services of memorial are being held, and others will yet be held in many places in this land, and doubtless in other lands as well.

A great number of telegrams and letters have been received from every direction. I wish it were possible to read them all to you. There are three, however, which certainly should be heard by the congregation today. The first is a beautiful letter from the Vice-President of the United States, the Honorable Thomas R. Marshall, addressed to Dr. John F. Carson of Brooklyn:

FROM THE VICE-PRESIDENT'S CHAMBER,
WASHINGTON.

"DEAR DOCTOR:

"If duty ever called me to pay my personal respects at the funeral services of a great and good man, it surely calls me to come to Dr. Chapman's funeral. And yet, I cannot come because my duty is to the living at home who need me.

"I do not seek to explain the passing of this personal friend, this illustrious Presbyterian, this great Christian, this high-minded patriot. Had the war never come on, still Dr. Chapman would have lived in the hearts of those who loved him, but its coming brought immortality to him in the life of the nation. Early, he saw that the fight was between Bethlehem and Berlin, and then he

wielded the flaming sword of righteousness with such valor as to put behind him and back of his country the great denomination he so worthily honored and which has so signally honored him.

"In Church and State, he measured up to model citizenship.

"Until we meet again, rest to his ashes and peace to his soul!

"Regardfully,

(Signed) "THOMAS R. MARSHALL."

A telegram has been received from the Moderator of the Presbyterian Church of the United States of America, Rev. J. Frank Smith.

"Your loss I count my loss, and the church's loss, the world's loss. Dr. Chapman was understood and loved by the multitude who heard him gladly. It will be difficult to fill his place in the evangelistic world. God bless you all and heal the hurt of the heart."

A third telegram, which I take the time to read, has come from the Rev. William A. Sunday, the evangelist:

"Words fail to express my sorrow. I am grieved that I cannot be present. The Doctor was my truest friend. Next to the members of my own family, I loved him more than any one else. He started me in my life's work and encouraged me when the battle was hard. His love was like a mother's love. I wish I could have seen the welcome the angels gave him when he burst through the gates into the City. The memory of all this will be an inspiration until my time comes to drift out with the tide. God bless you all."

It was characteristic of our friend that he said that when it was God's will to call him home, he

would desire that his intimate personal friend should speak upon the occasion of any service that might be held in his memory—Rev. Ford C. Ottman. All of us know how difficult it is for a friend, an intimate friend, to pray or to speak upon an occasion like this; and we assure Dr. Ottman that we shall hold him in our hearts in prayer as he speaks out of his own heart.

ADDRESS - - - - - - - -

THE REVEREND FORD C. OTTMAN, D.D., *Executive Secretary of the National Service Commission.*

Faithful unto death and after that the crown of life.

Feeding the flock of God and after that the crown of glory.

Winning souls for Christ and after that the crown of rejoicing.

Loving the Lord's appearing and after that the crown of righteousness.

These four crowns, wrought into a form of beauteous super-excellence, make up the diadem that now encircles the brow of him in whose memory we are here assembled.

Faithful unto death and after that the crown of life. A death, not like that of Stephen or of Paul or of John, a martyr to conviction; but, rather, like the ebb and flow of the tide, drawn again and again to the border line of death, only to return to the ministry of life, until the last great ebbing tide, "too full for sound or foam, when that which drew from out the boundless deep turned again home."

For us, indeed, it was "twilight and evening

bell, and after that the dark." For him, we know there was "no sadness of farewell" when he embarked. For though from out the bourne of time and place the floods had borne him far, we know he met his Pilot face to face when he had crossed the bar.

Faithful unto death and after that the crown of life.

Feeding the flock of God and after that the crown of glory. Leading the sheep entrusted to him into the green pastures and beside the still waters where he had learned to say or sing:

The Lord's my shepherd,
I'll not want.
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green. He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

Into these green pastures and beside these still waters where he had so often found rest and refreshment for his own soul, there he led others, to be held in loving remembrance by them, and to be crowned, when the chief Shepherd shall appear, with a crown of glory that fadeth not away. In the beautiful language of Scripture, an amaranthine or an ever blooming crown.

Feeding the flock of God and after that the crown of glory.

Winning souls for Christ and after that the crown of rejoicing. Paul, writing to his Philippian converts, calls them his "crown." His Thessalonian converts he speaks of as his "crown of rejoicing." They, when standing with him in the presence of the Lord, would be the cause of his rejoicing.

Andrew first found his own brother Peter and brought him to Jesus; and Peter's pentecost fashioned the jewels that were to be set in Andrew's crown.

Think of the multitudes converted to the Lord Jesus Christ, multitudes finding their way into eternal life through the ministry of him whose dear name we honor! Sowing in all lands and beside all waters. Sowing, that in eternity he might gather the abundant sheaves for the song of the harvest home. Evangelizing from Plymouth Rock to the Golden Gate; from the Dominion of Canada to the Southern gulf; in the Hawaiian Islands; in the Fiji; under the glory of the Southern Cross, in that vast continent with its great cities of Brisbane and Sydney and Melbourne and Adelaide, and Ballarat and Bendigo, finding at Bendigo gold more precious than ever came from its far-famed mines; on the shore of the Thursday Island; beside Manila Bay; in Hong Kong and Canton and Shanghai, and up the Yangtse, and in Peking, and at Tientsin; in Korea and in Japan, where, after resting awhile in that fair land's autumnal splendor, the beauteous witness of ingathering harvests, the wonderful meetings in Yokohoma. Then across the Pacific, and across the Continent, and across the Atlantic; in England, in Scotland, in Wales and in Ireland. Far and wide, in all lands, and beside all waters. What indeed shall be the answer to the question, "What shall the harvest be?" A crown of rejoicing shall be his when, in the great multitude of the redeemed, standing upon the plains of glory, he shall look upon the faces of those who by his ministry had been led to Jesus that they might wash their robes and make them white in the blood of the Lamb.

Winning souls for Christ and after that the crown of righteousness.

Paul fought a good fight, he finished his

course, he kept the faith. He knew that there was laid up for him a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, would give to him in that day; and not to him only, but to them also that loved his appearing.

This blessed hope, inter-related to, and the foundation of, all other, fills the pages of Scripture with its ineffable glory. It reveals the glorious consummation when the disordered rule of man shall be over and the Sun of Righteousness shall rise with healing in his wings. No wonder that our dear friend repeated over and over again, both in his public speaking and his private conversation, that such a blessed hope was the inspiration of his ministry.

In all the hymns of the heart written by him you hear the same inspiring note. His associates, Mr. Alexander and Mr. Brown, have borne witness to this in the song of their selection for this solemn service:

> Living he loved me, dying he saved me,
> Buried he carried my sins far away,
> Rising he justified freely forever,
> One day He's coming, Oh glorious day!

Among our precious and indestructible memories of him there will abide the truth that, in the early morning, before the daybreak, when the morning star in its luminous beauty was filling the face of the sky, he heard and answered the Master's call.

Safe in the glory for evermore; while his body, waiting for its redemption, sleeps.

> Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,
> From which none ever wakes to weep;
> A calm and undisturbed repose,
> Unbroken by the last of foes.

Asleep in Jesus, far from thee,
Thy kindred and thy friends may be,
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

By a special revelation from the Lord the Apostle Paul has reassured our hearts concerning them that are asleep. He writes in order that we may not be ignorant concerning them, lest we should sorrow even as others which have no hope. "If we believe"—so he writes—"that Jesus died and rose again"—and we do so believe—then, "even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. The Lord shall descend, the dead in Christ shall rise, then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we ever be with the Lord." "Wherefore"—says the Apostle—"comfort one another with these words."

Dear friend, we long to hear the voice now stilled. Thine eyes are sealed, and thou canst not see the throng that has come to mourn thy loss. Thine ears are closed, and thou canst not hear the faltering words of thy lifelong friend. But thy pain is past. God gave to thee on Christmas morning the gift of gifts in calling thee into the presence of thy Lord.

Farewell, dear friend. Thou hast been faithful unto death. Thou shalt receive the crown of life.

Thou didst feed the flock of God. Thou shalt wear the crown of glory.

Thou hast brought many to Christ; they shall be thy crown of rejoicing.

Thou didst love His appearing, and when He shall be manifested, thou also shalt be manifested,

wearing thy crown of righteousness. He shall reign and thou too shalt reign with Him.

Until the morning break and the shadows flee, farewell!

THE REV. EDGAR WHITAKER WORK, D.D.:

These services are held in the church and in the pulpit which were the scene of the last pastorate of Dr. Chapman before he entered upon the wider work to which he was called as an evangelist. It is an intimate and personal service, and it is for this reason in the highest way appropriate that some word should be spoken by his close friend and brother, the Reverend Doctor Marcus A. Brownson of Philadelphia.

ADDRESS - - - - - - - -

THE REVEREND MARCUS A. BROWNSON, D.D., *Pastor of the Tenth Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia.*

"Hearts are linked to hearts by God. The friend on whose fidelity you can count, whose success in life flushes your cheek with honest satisfaction, whose triumphant career you have traced and read with a heart throbbing almost as if it were a thing alive, for whose honor you would answer as for your own,—that friend, given to you by circumstances over which you have no control, was God's own gift." So wrote Robertson of Brighton, the great preacher of the Church of England.

Something of this feeling possesses many of us here today, as we think lovingly of him whose going from us we do sincerely mourn.

God gave me such a friend in Wilbur Chapman, twenty-five years ago.

In the late autumn of 1893, I first met him. I was then a pastor in the City of Detroit, and he had come to the city to conduct an evangelistic mission. Being the secretary of the Committee of Pastors, it was my advantage to be brought into intimate relationship with him, and to enter into his eager plans to win for Christ a multitude, redeemed by saving grace.

I shall never forget the thrill with which I listened to his first sermon. The charm of his manner, the sweetness of his voice, the fervor of his speech, the moving power of the vital Gospel, as he preached it, took such hold of my heart that I, instinctively and enthusiastically, joined in the exclamation of another; "That man held me spellbound. There is nothing that I would not do for him to help him in this work." It was my privilege to go with him to every meeting, and to hear him preach ninety-one times, always with the same emotion, giving devout thanks to God for sending to us such a messenger of grace. And when the fruits of that mission were gathered in, a great harvest of souls won for Christ, my heart rejoiced with him in the signal tokens of God's favor on this ministry which had moved that city from center to circumference, and is still productive in the consecrated lives of leading Christian men and women, brought to the feet of Jesus in those memorable days. The spiritual glory of that evangelistic mission was far exceeded by his subsequent missions, elsewhere held, in which thousands upon thousands confessed

their sins and turned to the Saviour of men; but it remains in my memory as an outstanding instance of the power of the Holy Spirit, working through the preaching of Dr. Chapman. The learned listened to him with responsive hearts. "The common people heard him gladly."

From that time onward, it was my rare privilege to be intimately associated with him, first as a friend, then in a double sense as a brother, often in the work of our Presbyterian Church, always in the relation of a close confidant. I wept with him in his sorrows. I rejoiced with him in his triumphs. I shared many of the glad days of his life. I awaited, with eagerness, his letters reciting his stories of the outpoured blessings of the Lord upon his evangelistic labors, and those of his associates, in different parts of our own country and in different countries of the world, and poured out my heart in prayer for Divine favor upon his untiring efforts to call men to Christ, and gave thanks to the God of all grace for what He wrought through the labors of His servant.

So much personal blessing came to me in the way of encouragement in my own ministry, and so much pleasure in my own life, from his fellowship, that to speak of him at all, although difficult and delicate, I must needs, to this extent at least, uncover my inner self, in telling of a friendship which was marked by no misunderstanding or by no single regrettable word spoken between us, and which has been one of the chief treasures of my life.

I felt honored in the honors which came to him. As Emerson puts it: "I must feel pride in my friend's accomplishments as if they were mine—a wild, delicate, throbbing property in his virtues."

Now, I rejoice supremely, as do we all, in "the glory, honor and immortality" into which he has entered. "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever."

I am not in a mood of mind permissive of analysis to trace the source and secret of the power which marked his far-reaching and productive ministry. Nor is it my purpose to study and state the elements of his character. My mental mood is synthetic. I would let flow together the spontaneous impressions of my heart, as I attempt to pay a loving tribute to his memory, in this simple utterance of gratitude.

It is his great heart of love which I cherish—his love for the Word of God which kept him true to its teachings; his love of sinful men which impelled him to speak to them with a tenderness and a fervor and a convincing power which won their souls for Christ; his love for the ministry into which God called him, and for his brothers in this holy calling; his love for his friends and his dear ones; above all, his love for our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, to whom he gave "the last full measure of devotion." As another said of himself, so might he have said: "I have but one passion. It is He." The love of Christ constrained him. The constraint of the Cross was ever the "one clear call" for him, compelling him to labor while the light lasted.

When all else is said of a great and good man, this remains to be uttered: "The greatest of these is love." "These"—the intellectual endowments, the moral virtures, the acts of life, the services and the sacrifices, the gifts of grace, of which the Apostle has written in the classic chap-

ter on "the more excellent way." "The greatest of these is love." Rising superior to gifted speech, to prophecy, to philanthropy, to self-sacrifice, taking rank above its own eternal associates, "faith and hope," love wears the crown of empire in the esteem of men and in holy judgment of God. "Love is and was my King and Lord."

"Intellect is not the whole man. The feelings give wings to the intellect and permit it to soar into the lofty regions of truth, when, without right feeling, the intellect would grovel on the earth and miss the meaning of the universe." The great hearts, in leading pilgrims in their progress toward the Celestial City, are greater than the great heads. "Love divine, all loves excelling," is God's greatest gift to any man.

As already intimated, Christmas day will bring back to us, year by year, with its blessed messages of joy and peace and good will from God who "so loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son," the memory of him whom we have "loved and lost a while." On that blessed morn, he left us for the Home on High, and received the gift of eternal life from the Heavenly Father. That day was known in the early church as "the Day of the Triumphant Sun." Let it never be, in association with his memory, other than a day of brightness and of victory.

Brother, thou art gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye
And sorrow is unknown,
From the burdens of the flesh,
And from care and sin released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us
Whom thou hast left behind,
May we, untainted by the world,
As sure a welcome find.
May each, like thee, depart in peace,
To be a glorious guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

"THE IVORY PALACES," *Barraclough*

MR. ALBERT BROWN, MR. GEORGE W. COOKE

The words and music of this hymn were suggested by a sermon on "The Ivory Palace" by Dr. Chapman.

My Lord has garments so wondrous fine,
And myrrh their texture fills;
Its fragrance reach'd to this heart of mine,
With joy my being thrills.

CHORUS:

Out of the ivory palaces
Into a world of woe,
Only His great eternal love
Made my Saviour go.

His life had also its sorrow sore,
For aloes had a part;
And when I think of the cross He bore,
My eyes with tear-drops start.

His garments too were in cassia dipped,
With healing in a touch;
Each time my feet in some sin have slipp'd,
He took me from its clutch.

In garments glorious He will come,
To open wide the door;
And I shall enter my heavenly home,
To dwell for evermore.

THE REV. EDGAR WHITAKER WORK, D.D.:

While we would gladly linger here, if we could, continuing our tribute in the praise of God, we must hasten a little, however unwillingly, in preparation for the afternoon service which will be held in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church promptly at two o'clock.

As this service here has been held in praise of God and in recognition of Dr. Chapman's personal and pastoral service, the other service in the Fifth Avenue Church will be held in God's praise and in recognition of Dr. Chapman's public service. You are invited to that service at two o'clock.

There will be ample time after the service for you to view the face of our beloved friend. You are requested to come forward by the center aisle and by the north aisle, and to retire by the south aisle. After the benediction, I shall request you all to remain standing while the honorary pallbearers and the family withdraw.

There is a hymn of the church, which is always sung in the Presbytery of New York upon the departure of one of its members. It will be sung doubtless at the memorial service of the Presby-

tery to be held on the 13th day of January. Let us anticipate the singing of that hymn by singing it here. Let me invite you all to join.

HYMN NO. 781.

1 For all the saints who from their labors rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blest. Alleluia!

2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true Light.
Alleluia!

3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win with them the victor's crown of gold.
Alleluia!

4 O blest communion, fellowship Divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Alleluia!

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again and arms are strong.
Alleluia!

6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes their rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia!

7 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passes on His way. Alleluia.

8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host.
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Alleluia!

PRAYER AND BENEDICTION - -

THE REV. EDGAR WHITAKER WORK, D. D.:

O Lord, our Heavenly Father, let Thy glory remain with us. Let it touch every occupant of this pulpit in all time to come. Help Thy servants to proclaim the living, loving, saving gospel of our Lord. Let Thy glory, we beseech Thee, rest upon every minister of the Lord Jesus Christ in the coming days and upon Thy Church and upon every heart that turns to Thee. And though Thy servant be dead, yet may he speak unto multitudes in all parts of the earth until his appearing. And now, may the God of Peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the Sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect to do His will, working in you that which is well pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

Services

at the

Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church

at two o'clock

INVOCATION - - - - - -

THE REVEREND ANDREW MAGILL.
Pastor First Presbyterian Church, Jamaica.

READING OF THE SCRIPTURE -

THE REVEREND WILLIAM HIRAM FOULKES, D.D., *General Secretary of the New Era Movement.*

"Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God.

Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned; for she hath received of the Lord's hands double for all her sins.

The voice of Him that crieth in the wilderness, prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God.

Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain;

And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

The Voice said, cry; and he said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field;

The grass withereth; the flower fadeth; because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it; surely the people is grass.

The grass withereth; the flower fadeth; but the Word of our God shall stand forever.

O Zion, that bringeth good tidings, get thee up into the high mountain; O Jerusalem, that bringest good tidings, lift up thy voice with strength;

lift it up, be not afraid; say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God!

Behold, the Lord God will come with strong hand, and His arm shall rule for Him; behold, His reward is with Him, and His work before Him.

He shall feed His flock like a shepherd; He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young.

Why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel, my way is hid from the Lord, and my judgment is passed over from God?

Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? There is no searching of his understanding. He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might, he increaseth strength.

Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall.

But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.

And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.

In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month; and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.

And there shall be no more curse; but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and His servants shall serve Him.

And they shall see His face; and His name shall be in their foreheads.

And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign for ever and ever.

I, Jesus, have sent mine angel to testify unto you these things in the churches, I am the root and the offspring of David, and the bright and morning star.

And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

He which testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly; Even so, come, Lord Jesus.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen."

PRAYER - - - - - - - -

THE REVEREND HARLAN G. MENDENHALL, D.D., *Moderator of New York Presbytery.*

Let us unite in prayer.

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, in this hour of bereavement and distress we betake ourselves to Thee. We come to Thee as Thy children. We are here with heavy hearts. Oh, listen to our cries. Thou hast taken from us the desire of our eyes with a stroke. Thy ways to us are full of mystery, and we cannot understand them, but we believe that Thy heart of love will sympathize with us in all kindness. Justice and judgment are the habitation of Thy throne, and mercy and truth go before Thy face.

Teach us, O Lord, to acquiesce in Thy righteous dealings. Help us from true hearts to say, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." Teach us heartfelt submission and holy resignation. Teach us in patience, dear Father, to bear our burdens.

O, Holy Spirit, do Thou move upon our spirits that are cast down. Draw us to Thyself to comfort us, bringing to us the promises of Thy word. Dwell within us, giving us to feel their soothing influence, their consoling power, and their sustaining grace.

Bring us closer than we have been to our Lord Jesus. And may we realize that there is no condemnation to them that are in Him; that Christ Himself has taken away the sting of death, and we have been begotten unto a lively hope by His resurrection from the dead to an inheritance that is incorruptible and undefiled and that fadeth not away.

We thank Thee, our Father, for the glorious life of Thy servant as it was lived in the quiet parish, in the city church and the great tabernacle. We thank Thee for his great heart, his endowed mind, his eloquent tongue. We thank Thee for his passion for souls, which, day and night and in all the years of his ministry, was the consuming power of his life; for the books he wrote; for the songs he sang; for the warm handclasp that lifted many a life into the presence of the King.

Like his Master, he had compassion on the multitudes. Through him, the poor had the gospel preached to them, and the common people heard him gladly.

We bless Thee for his obedience to the faith of Thy gospel, for the virtues which adorned him, for the work of Thy spirit upon his heart and conscience, for his simple and entire dependence upon a crucified Christ; for the radiance of his faith in triumphant anticipation of the immortal day.

Though lover and friend, husband and father, Thou hast put far from his beloved ones, yet wouldst Thou enable them to sing of mercy. May they feel that the same hand that lays us low, holds us up. Let Thy gentle hands wipe the tears from their eyes, and underneath them, let there be Thine everlasting arms.

Remember in all tenderness the dear boy who has followed the flag across the sea, and be with him in this hour of sorrow and of loneliness and of grief. We thank Thee for the passion for the flag which father and son together had, and that out from these precious lives there has gone inspiration to other hearts and other homes, to the church of Jesus Christ and the world itself. Give us all grace to follow the example of Thy servant, that we too may become more than conquerors, through our Lord who loves us.

Cheer us all by the hope that separation is not forever; that the grave which will soon have the body of one whom we love so tenderly can not hold the soul which rests in Thee. May we be comforted by the thought that such as fall asleep in Jesus die only to live, and live to die no more; that this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality, and that the ransom of the Lord shall return to Zion and there they shall be forever with the Lord.

We ask it in the Name of that Jesus whom he loved and whom he served. Amen.

"SHADOWS" - - - - *Harkness*

MR. ALBERT BROWN

When we cross the valley there need be no shadows,
When life's day is ended and its sorrows o'er;
When the summons comes to meet the blessed Saviour,
When we rise to dwell with him for evermore.

CHORUS:

Shadows! no need of shadows
When at last we lay life's burden down;
Shadows! no need of shadows
When at last we gain the victor's crown!

When our loved ones leave us there need be no shadows,
If their faith is fixed in Jesus as their Lord;
For they go to be with Him who died to save them,
To be with the One whom they have long adored.

When He comes to meet us there need be no shadows,
When He comes in all His glorious array;
When the trump of God shall sound and loved ones waken,
When He leads us onward with triumphant sway.

THE REV. EDGAR WHITAKER WORK, D.D.:

The memorial services of this holy Sabbath day are held to the praise and honor of our God, and for the exaltation of the Name of Jesus, our Lord, and in recognition of the work which God was able to accomplish through His beloved servant, by the power of the Holy Spirit.

Dr. Chapman's relations to the work of the Kingdom of God were varied, and many. The consuming passion of his life was to preach the gospel, and for him the Scriptural Word which best expressed the spirit of his ministry was the word: "Evangelism." It is appropriate that his relationship to Evangelism should be presented to us by one long time his friend and often his associate in evangelistic work, the Reverend Dr. Arthur J. Smith.

ADDRESS - - - - - - - -

THE REVEREND ARTHUR J. SMITH, D.D.,
General Secretary of the Evangelistic Committee of New York City.

Twenty-eight years ago next month, I first met Wilbur Chapman. It was in the interim between his pastorates in Albany and Philadelphia. He had taken several weeks for rest between the two pastorates, but most of this time he spent in conducting evangelistic meetings. Those who knew him best knew that he rested while winning men to Christ.

The village of Catskill on the Hudson was the place of our first meeting. I went there to assist him with union evangelistic meetings which were conducted only six days and resulted in 365 accessions to the churches.

We went from Catskill to Schuylerville, the scene of his first pastorate after leaving the seminary. From Schuylerville we went to Jersey City, where he was associated with the late B. Fay Mills in a union evangelistic campaign. Then he went to Philadephia, was installed pastor of Bethany Presbyterian Church, to which church I went as his lay-assistant soon after.

It has been my rare privilege to be associated with him not only in the pastorate, but for many years in evangelistic work. I have seen the development of his life work from union meetings in small towns to campaigns in great cities. I was with him when he introduced the simultaneous evangelistic campaign plan, where not only one evangelist, but many would go to a city, as in Boston, when thirty-five evangelists, together

with their associates worked for many weeks, and thousands were won for Christ and the Church.

It was not my privilege to go with him on his world tours, but those who did go saw wonderful things. Twice in Australia, once in New Zealand and Tasmania; then through the Philippines, through China, Korea, Japan, then across Canada, to Great Britain, where he held some of the greatest meetings of his life. An unusual tribute was paid to him in Edinburgh. He was asked to conduct an evangelistic service in St. Giles Cathedral.

A little girl, when she heard Phillips Brooks had died, said: "How glad the angels will be." I could not help but think of this when I heard of Wilbur Chapman's passing over. The angels indeed would be glad to see a man who had won so many souls for Christ.

When we were in Schuylerville, he told me where he received his first inspiration to do evangelistic work. He said Moody was in Albany and he went down to hear him, spending the week there. When he returned to Schuylerville he suggested to the officers of his church that they have special meetings, to which they readily assented. Then, at the first meeting, he told the people he was not going to prepare new sermons every night, but was simply going to tell them what Moody said in Albany. He told me after two or three days there was an unusual interest in his congregations, and he soon found himself in the midst of a revival. As the meetings progressed, he said he knew he had found his life work.

There were three things that made him great as an evangelist:

1. He had one purpose in life, and that was to win men to Christ. Like Paul, he said, "This one thing I do." He had often been invited to lecture but had refused. He had often been invited to teach but declined, saying he did not know how. He was not a lecturer nor a teacher, but he was preëminently an Evangel of the cross. He told me that he hesitated to speak at the recent Prophetic Conference, but finally consented to do so only on condition that they permit him to preach an evangelistic sermon, and give the invitation, and that was what he did. Those of us who were present will remember that he preached with unusual power, and that scores responded to his invitation at the close of the sermon.

2. Another thing that made him great was the fact that he was a man of prayer. He said to me on one occasion, when things were going hard, "If there is one man in the world who must be a man of prayer, it is the evangelist." I am not sure that he spent hours upon his knees. I think he prayed as much upon his feet as he did upon his knees. In fact, I have known him to hesitate in his sermons, and at first wondered why. Then I learned that he stopped to pray. His life was a life of prayer. He heeded the injunction of the Apostle Paul to "pray without ceasing."

3. The third thing that made him great was his passion for Christ, for the work of God and lost men. He loved his Lord. Christ was preeminent in his life. He loved the truth of God and studied it diligently, and he loved the souls of men. During his first pastorate in Philadelphia, the only criticism I heard came from a man

who was not a member of his church. "Your minister was seen on South Street last night," said this man, "with a drunkard on his arm." "Yes," I replied, "and I am glad that he was, and glad he was seen trying to help an unfortunate man."

Men seemed to realize that he loved them, and seemed eager to follow his leadership. He gathered a little group of about fifteen men for prayer on Sunday mornings before church, and organized them into a brotherhood. The number increased until the average attendance was about five hundred.

At the close of one of his meetings in Indianapolis, a woman who had accepted Christ said to one of the workers, "I couldn't see the preacher's face because a pillar was in front of me. I did not hear much that he said because of the noise back of me." When asked what it was that led her to make the decision, she replied, "It was the tone of his voice."

I well remember sitting by his side in a service in Philadelphia with our heads bowed in silent prayer. It was just before he was to speak. I heard a slight sound upon the carpet and opening my eyes, to my surprise I saw tears falling from his eyes almost in a stream. There were no tears in his eyes when he arose to preach, but there was a passion in his voice that vibrated and won the souls of men.

I am glad to have known Wilbur Chapman. I owe to him more than I owe to any other man.

THE REV. EDGAR WHITAKER WORK, D.D.:

Whatsoever form of Christian work was aggressive, scriptural and spiritual, was certain to appeal to Dr. Chapman; and for this reason his heart went out especially to the noble work of the Salvation Army. Grateful recognition of his work for the Army will be paid by an officer of the Army, Col. Samuel Brengle.

ADDRESS - - - - - - - -

COLONEL SAMUEL BRENGLE, D.D., *of the Salvation Army.*

I count it a privilege, filled with sadness, and an honor crowned with sorrow, to have been appointed by our Commander to represent her and the members of the Salvation Army at this hour.

Dr. Chapman was our friend—one of the stanchest, truest friends God ever gave to the Salvation Army. And this friendship was in no sense superficial. It grew out of profound spiritual relationships and affinities.

Under Mr. Moody's preaching and teaching, Dr. Chapman got a sense of the possibilities of one filled with the Holy Spirit, and he dedicated himself to Christ anew.

In his young manhood and early ministry, he read that remarkable book, the biography of Catherine Booth, "The Mother of the Salvation Army," and his heart was touched by the spirit of the sacrifice and devotion, and the spiritual insight and deep religious experience of that very wonderful woman. He never ceased to declare, in private and in public, the debt he owed to her, and to General William Booth, the founder of the Salvation Army. General Booth was one of the guiding stars, he often said, in his spiritual sky.

He showed his friendship for us in many ways, sometimes in militant ways. On one occasion, in Australasia, the committee that arranged his meetings ignored the Salvation Army, and had not invited it to take part in any of the services that he was to conduct. He noticed this, met a Salvationist, and asked why none of them were present, taking part, as it was always his pleasure they should. He was told that they had received no invitation to be present or take part in the services. At the next meeting, he had two or three of the leading Salvation Army officers by his side on the platform; and at the close of the service turned to the committee and said he desired that, from this time on, the Salvationists should be represented in all of his meetings. He did not hesitate to show his friendship in this militant fashion.

But his friendship was also shown in kindly and generous ways. One of our officers, with a large family of eager, earnest boys and birls growing up into young manhood and womanhood, wished to give some of them a higher education. But he did not see how he could quite meet the expense. Finally, bethinking himself of Doctor Chapman, he went to him and told of his desire, and asked if he could offer any suggestion. "Leave it to me," replied the Doctor. Our brother left it to him; and now one of those boys is a graduate of Yale, and the daughter, a graduate of Mount Holyoke.

Again, he often showed the fineness of his character, and the grace of his friendship in tender little ways. During the recent Prophetic Conference at Carnegie Music Hall, with heavy responsibilities and burdens pressing upon him,

with his face drawn and pinched with the agonizing pain of the unhealed wound that finally sent him to the surgeon's table and into the presence of his Lord, standing bareheaded at the entrance to Carnegie Hall, he saw a Salvation Army officer who had come quite a distance with his rather frail wife, striving in vain to get through the vast crowd. The Doctor, bareheaded, forgetting his pain, pressed his way down through the crowd, took hold of the Salvationist, and led him and his little wife into one of the best seats in the great hall.

He was a great and an honored man, honored of the church, and of the nation, and was known round the world. But like his Master, he humbled himself; he stooped to the lowly and condescended to men of low estate, and made himself an usher for the Salvationists in the house of the Lord. For these things we loved him. How could we do otherwise than love him? But we loved him not for these things alone; he was always showing us respect and honor. He frequently called our Commander and our leading officers to conduct services with him in his campaigns. On several occasions, he gave a whole day just to the Salvation Army; invited us to come with drums, and trumpets, and flags, to shout our Hallelujahs, and to give our testimony. He seemed to delight in the simplicity and abandon and zeal of Salvationists, and again and again he manifested his kindly interest, his tender friendship and his affinity for us in the most public manner. But we loved him also for himself, not simply for what he did for us, but for his own sterling worth and superb Christian manhood.

We saw how he stood full-breasted to every wind that blew against the great fundamental doctrine of our holy faith. He stood four-square against every attack and assault made upon these great truths, which rightly preached, in the power of the Spirit, lead to the regeneration and sanctification of men, and that appealed to the heart of every Salvationist. He went direct for souls, which we of the Salvation Army are ever doing, and I think it was that common passion for the souls of men which drew him to the Salvation Army in such unfailing friendship and regard.

We loved him because of the way he exalted Jesus Christ. Jesus the Christ of God was first and last with him, the Alpha and Omega of his preaching and teaching. He exalted Him as Lord, and revelled in preaching the atonement that is in His blood.

We loved him for the way he honored and reverenced and submitted himself to the Holy Spirit.

In one of our officers' meetings in Australasia, he delivered an address to the officers on "The Love of the Spirit," taken from that text in Paul's letter to the Romans: "I beseech you, Brethren, for the Lord, Jesus Christ's sake, and for the love of the Spirit."

That was one of the greatest and most touching addresses I ever read. It was published in many of our magazines and papers, and possibly a million copies of it were scattered around the world.

We loved him for the way he exalted the Bible. He boldly preached its truths and did not whittle it down. He proclaimed it all as the word of the Lord. We loved him for the way he declared

the whole counsel of God. He preached the goodness of God, and with what melting power he did this! He did not hesitate, however, to preach the severity of God. I heard him once, in the great Auditorium in Los Angeles, California, preaching on David's sin. I remember the way he began his address. He said: "I used to think that such sermons as I shall now preach should be addressed to men only, but now I preach without distinction of sex."

How he stirred the hearts of men! He made a direct center assault upon sin in its stronghold, in the human heart, in the affections, and in the will. What a master he was in the divine art of preaching to win men. He displayed not himself, but preached Christ Crucified for our sins. He carried the judgments of men by scholarly argument; he aroused the seared or slumbering conscience by the certainty of coming judgment: he quickened the memory by deft appeal till sins that were forgotten as though long dead were suddenly seen "alive with a terrible might"; he stirred the emotions by apt story and telling illustrations, until hardened men were molten under his touch. He was a master of pathos and persuasion. His command of the language of persuasion seemed perfect and complete. He touched all the strings of the human heart! He played all the chords of the great harp God put into his hands; struck all its keys with skill and might, until it poured forth orchestral harmonies.

He made men feel the exceeding sinfulness of sin, the meanness and contemptibleness of sin. We loved him for this, for we too are dealing daily with sinners. We see how it destroys, we behold its terrible waste and ravages in the souls

of men. And when we saw a man like Dr. Chapman, with his fine and consecrated ability, his culture and his refinement, preaching so directly and searchingly to men, our hearts ran out to him in heavenly affection.

We reverenced him as an honored leader of the hosts of God. We loved him as a brother. We esteemed him as a friend.

Personally, I feel lonelier now that he has gone. The world seems bereft to me. I did not have a very intimate acquaintance with him, but he was very kind to me, and once invited me to go with him on his Australasian campaign, as representative of the Salvation Army. But while my acquaintance with him was but limited, I felt lonely and bereft when I heard that Dr. Chapman was dead. But how much more must you miss him who were his intimate friends, and you who lived in the love of his great heart.

But he is not dead. Do not think so of him. Such a man cannot die. It is unthinkable. He was possessed of eternal life. Bless God, he is not dead.

"God's finger touched him, and he slept.
The great Intelligences fair
That range above our mortal state,
In circle round the blessed gate,
Received and gave him welcome there;
And led him through the blissful climes."

And he lives, bless God, he lives. Our friend and brother lives in God.

"That God, which ever lives and loves,
One God, one Lord, one element,
And one far-off Divine event
To which the whole creation moves."

And to which we too are hastening, and where we shall find him and be found of him, if we are one with him in his love and devotion to the Saviour.

On behalf of our Commander and of my Comrades, I extend to Mrs. Chapman and the sons and daughters the tenderest sympathy of every Salvationist's heart, and the assurance of our constant and earnest prayers.

THE REV. EDGAR WHITAKER WORK, D.D.:

I wish it were possible, to pause for a moment in the very midst of this service and enjoy, if we can, a mental picture of the many communities and churches throughout this land and other lands where Dr. Chapman has preached the gospel.

In many churches in this country today, God is being praised for His servant, and for the work that he did. In some of them, in fact, memorial services are being held like these that are held here today. That is true, for instance, in far-off San Diego on the Pacific Coast.

We have heard by letter and by telegram from many places and from many individuals, ministers and others, who today are summoning the people to remember God's goodness through His servant. Your hearts would burn within you could I read to you here the great number of letters and telegrams that have come from individuals, societies, and organizations, from many directions, East, West, North and South. Let me only take the time to read three or four letters and telegrams.

The first is a letter, very beautiful and very tender, from the Vice-President of the United States, the Honorable Thomas R. Marshall, addressed to Dr. John F. Carson, of Brooklyn, from the Vice-President's Chamber, and reading as follows:

"Dear Doctor:

"If duty ever called me to pay my personal respects at the funeral services of a great and good man, it surely calls me to come to Dr. Chapman's funeral. And yet I cannot come, because my duty is to the living at home who need me.

"I do not seek to explain the passing of this personal friend, this illustrious Presbyterian, this great Christian, and this high-minded patriot. Had the war never come on, still Dr. Chapman would have lived in the hearts of those who loved him, but its coming brought immortality to him in the life of the nation.

"Early he saw that the fight was between Bethlehem and Berlin, and then he wielded the flaming sword of righteousness with such valor as to put behind him and back of his country the great denomination he so worthily honored and which had so signally honored him.

"In Church and State he measured up to model citizenship. Till we meet again, rest to his ashes and peace to his soul!

"Regardfully,

"Thomas R. Marshall."

The following telegram has been received from the Reverend J. Frank Smith of Dallas, Texas, Moderator of the General Assembly, who succeeded Dr. Chapman in that office:

"Your loss I count my loss and the Church's loss, the world's loss. Dr. Chapman was understood and loved by the multitudes who heard him gladly. It will be difficult to fill his place in the evangelistic world. God bless you all."

Another telegram has been received from the evangelist, the Reverend William A. Sunday, who ascribes the influences of his own great ministry to the helpful teaching of Dr. Chapman:

"Words fail to express my sorrow. I am grieved that I cannot be present. The Doctor was my truest friend. Next to the members of my own family, I loved him more than anyone else. He started me in my life's work and encouraged me when the battle was hard. His love was like a mother's love. I wish I could have seen the welcome the angels gave him when he burst through the gates into the city. The memory of all this will be an inspiration until my time comes to drift out with the tide. God comfort you all."

And still another telegram, let me take the time to read, from Peter Billhorn, the Evangelistic Singer:

"Dr. Chapman was one of my dearest friends. We were associated together during his first five years in evangelistic work. Our labors were fraught with the sweetest Christian harmony and fellowship. Many of my best compositions were inspired by his heart of love for the lost and erring. His face has been before me during the last few days. How I wish it were possible for

me to be present and sing his favorite song, 'Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love,' which peace I am sure his soul is enjoying in the presence of his Master and Lord."

Notwithstanding Dr. Chapman's varied relationships to the work of the Kingdom at large, in many aspects, he was ever and unfailingly a member and a minister of his own Church. His Church honored him throughout his long ministry as a pastor and as an evangelist, and he loved it until the end. Grateful appreciation of his relation to our Church will be paid by the Stated Clerk of the General Assembly, the Reverend Dr. William Henry Roberts.

ADDRESS - - - - - - - -

THE REVEREND WILLIAM HENRY ROBERTS, D. D., *Stated Clerk of the General Assembly.*

Christian friends, I draw attention to the fact that the presiding officer this afternoon is Vice-Moderator of the General Assembly, and it is therefore with his full sympathy and in his presence that, occupying the official position which I do, by the privilege of our brethren, I speak on Dr. Chapman in relation to the Church.

The Presbyterian Church, and with it, many other Christian churches in the United States and throughout the world, thank God for the life and labors of J. Wilbur Chapman. Believing, as they do, that Christ calls men into the ministry, they are deeply grateful to the great Head of the Church for the call that He gave to this beloved servant and fellow-minister. That call was accompanied, as we know, by the influ-

ences of the Holy Spirit, and by the results as shown in the ministry so marvelously conducted throughout many years and in many lands. Not only here, but throughout the world, there are Christians who can say with a peculiar gratitude, as they think upon a life full of devoted service, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

Dr. Chapman served as pastor in five congregations—Liberty, Ind.; Schuylerville, New York; First Reformed, Albany, New York; Bethany Presbyterian, Philadelphia; and the Fourth Presbyterian, New York City. All his ministry was blessed by the addition of many to the membership of the churches, and by the upbuilding of the converts in Christian character. Dr. Chapman believed, as do all effective ministers, in both conversion and education, in winning men and women for Christ, and also in their upbuilding for Christian service. As a pastor he excelled, and his power in the pulpit grew with the years, placing him in the front rank of preachers.

The greatest work accomplished by Dr. Chapman for the Presbyterian Church and for Christian churches generally was in evangelism. Next to Dwight L. Moody, whose disciple he was, Dr. Chapman was the most influential and most useful of all the evangelists who have been engaged in world work.

After serving from 1903 to 1910 in evangelistic work for the Presbyterian Church and many other churches in the United States, he entered upon work in other countries. His labors in Australia and New Zealand were accompanied by extraordinary manifestations, not only in the conversion of souls, but in the coöperation of the

Protestant churches of those countries, without exception, in the work of Christ. He succeeded, also, in bringing into united service, for the salvation of souls, the Protestant churches of Great Britain, and especially in Scotland, as I personally know, for I was with him on two occasions. The results accomplished were notable and permanent. So deep was the impression made by him upon the British churches that engagements were recently proffered him which, had God willed, would have been filled during the years 1919 and 1920.

As we think upon Dr. Chapman's evangelistic work, certain particulars are worthy of note. The first is this, that he had the practical support of Mr. John H. Converse of Philadelphia, one of the distinguished Elders of the Presbyterian Church in that city, who stood resolutely with Dr. Chapman under any and all circumstances.

One result of the work of Dr. Chapman, and it is worthy of emphatic notice, was the creation of a spiritual atmosphere which brought into the service of Christ and humanity a group of evangelists, headed by Dr. Chapman himself, and comprising among others William A. Sunday, Wm. E. Biederwolf and George G. Mahy. This evangelistic work resulted effectively throughout the world in another direction, which is prominent, as affecting the relationships of Christian churches, and making certain that wherever the English language is spoken, evangelistic work will have its rightful place as the chief instrument in the hands of the Holy Spirit for the salvation of a sin-cursed world.

For years Dr. Chapman, and others associated with him, labored to impress the Christian world with the fact that regeneration was the first need

of human beings, and that, while education was all-important, the primary thing as to education, under the blessing of God, was to deal in men and women with a regenerated human nature capable of development into an effective Christian life. This truth is emphasized in a notable manner by the great World War through which all nations are now passing. As we think upon reconstruction, we need to dwell continuously and efficiently upon Christ's words, "Ye must be born again."

It gives me great pleasure, having been intimately associated with Dr. Chapman for twenty-five years, to testify publicly to his high Christian character. I likewise bear witness to the growing sweetness of his spirit and temper. As he grew in years, he grew more like our beloved Master. He was always possessed of mental equipoise. He was ever a valuable counselor and executive, and above all, he had great vision, always having in mind in his work, in his prayers, not one church, not one nation, but all bearing the name of Christ, and likewise that world for which our Lord and Saviour died, and which He lives to redeem.

In reading "Pilgrim's Progress," one notable character always stands out in a marked way. And as we think upon our friend, the name that he deserves is that of Bunyan's Greatheart. His was a hope and courage and a love which endured and dared all things.

This remarkable combination of qualities made Dr. Chapman a notable Moderator of the General Assembly. Elected at Dallas, Texas, in 1917, to the highest honor in the gift of the Presbyterian Church, he added new luster to a life of

distinguished service by visiting every portion of our country and instilling into both ministers and members his own Biblical faith, calm reliance upon God, and dauntless Christian courage. The need was great. The ideals for which the American Presbyterian Church and the American Nation stand were imperilled. The need of the hour was for a clear-thinking and spirit-filled leader, a great and patriotic Moderator; and under Christ's guidance, Dr. Chapman was equal to the situation. He was thanked personally by the President of the United States in the White House for the service he rendered, and the General Assembly at Columbus, Ohio, entered upon its record its appreciation of Dr. Chapman's faithful and remarkable service, and its gratitude to God for His blessing upon it.

It is to be emphasized that our "Greatheart" was busily engaged in the work of the Church of Christ at the time of his departure from this earthly life. He was unanimously chosen as the Vice-Chairman of the New Era Movement, and was entrusted with its spiritual side, having relation not only to the work of Evangelism, but also to the subjects of family religion, missions and spiritual inspiration. He realized fully the Church's need for effort in just such lines, in view of the great exigencies of the present day.

Dr. Chapman was also a member of the Committee on Church Coöperation and Union, which for fifteen years has conducted the Assembly's work in bringing the churches in the United States into coöperation, one with another and, where practicable, into organic union. Our friend, filled as he was with that high catholicity which characterizes the Presbyterian Church, was

the Chairman of the Sub-committee of this General Committee on Union for work with the other Presbyterian and Reformed Churches, and had made considerable progress in this most excellent line of endeavor, when God called him higher.

He also had greatly upon mind and heart the work of reconstruction, which must be carried forward on a world-wide scale by both churches and nations for many years to come: "We are at the beginning of a new world order," as Dr. Chapman said to me in conversation had within a month. "The Church needs to be up to date. This is the great need of the Church. We should realize that God never goes backward; that the future is always His, and the question is ever, Are the men who believe in God up to Him and in line with His providence?"

As we think upon future Christian duty as related to Christian progress, it is inspiring, friends, to remember that the life of him whom we today commemorate is not ended. We need again and again to emphasize the Saviour's declaration that God is the God of the living! We are the dying! Our friend is with the living today. He is forever separated from the world of the dying. Face to face is he with the Lord whom he served, and he has heard the rewarding words, "Well done, good and faithful servant. Thou hast been faithful in a few things. I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

With the vision of faith, we can see our departed friend glorified with Christ, and crowned with the everlasting crown of righteousness. This vision broke upon his heart and mind on Christ-

mas morning. The day star has risen with his heart, and he is forever with Christ. May that day star with its inspiration illumine always our hearts and lives.

"MY JESUS I LOVE THEE" - *Gordon*

MR. ALBERT BROWN, MR. GEORGE W. COOKE.

My Jesus I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,
For thee all follies of sin I resign;
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art Thou;
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

I love Thee, because Thou hast first loved me,
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree;
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow;
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

THE REV. EDGAR WHITAKER WORK, D.D.:

Back of the minister in his public activities, back of the pastor and back of the evangelist, there was always Dr. Chapman, the man and the friend. There are many of us here, and in many other places, who can never forget the sympathetic tone of his voice in personal intercourse, the warm grasp of his hand in friendliness, the encouraging touch of his hand upon the shoulder. One has something to say who is well calculated to lay the wreath of friendship upon his form, the Reverend Dr. John F. Carson of Brooklyn.

ADDRESS - - - - - - - -

THE REVEREND JOHN F. CARSON, D.D.,
Pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn.

"My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine." That, I think, was Dr. Chapman's favorite hymn. Thousands upon thousands of times did Dr. Chapman start that hymn at evangelistic meetings and in the conferences that he held with ministers. But that it was his favorite hymn is not all. It was the expression of the passion of his life.

Looking back to the many years of a somewhat close fellowship, many things stand out and challenge my attention at this time; but high above them all was the impression that he made upon me of his love of Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ was the center and the soul of the spirit of J. Wilbur Chapman. His love for Jesus Christ gave guidance to his thinking, gave definiteness and energy to his ministry, gave color and distinction to his whole life.

As a man, he loved men, and he liked to be loved. He was appreciative of others, and he liked others to appreciate him. He was generous with his means. We have heard of one case where a lad and lassie were enabled to pursue the course of higher education. It would take the rest of the afternoon to name other cases.

There are men preaching the gospel in this land and other lands today, there are women telling the story of Christ in foreign fields today, who would not be at their tasks if it had not been for the generous spirit of J. Wilbur Chapman; and he was generous with his time as with his service.

Dr. Chapman seemed never to know what fatigue meant, preaching twice a Sunday, aye, seven or eight times a day, in his great evangelistic campaigns, and not only preaching but, while thus engaged, holding conferences innumerable about his work, giving himself, holding nothing of the price back, that the Christ he loved might be glorified.

As I think of these last two years, I think of the spirit of endurance and sublime heroism which this man of God displayed, going all through this land, preaching the message of Christ to the nation in the time of the nation's peril, with an unhealed wound and with a pain endured about which he seldom spoke. But some who knew the agony through which he passed at times, looked upon him, not with admiration alone, but with amazement, at the stoicism, the endurance of the man. And why was it? It was not in human strength. No human being could have thus endured in his own strength, but it was Jesus Christ in him.

Oh, how he loved to repeat that name Jesus. You have heard him repeat it o'er and o'er again, and with such a sweetness, such an accent that somehow the Christ came very close to us every time he spoke that precious name.

But I think that in nothing was the spirit of Christ more manifest in the life of Dr. Chapman than in a thing which has been mentioned this afternoon in relation to one organization, but which was manifest all through the life of Dr. Chapman—his compassion upon them that were out of the way. That was one of the signal things about Jesus. He had compassion upon them that were out of the way. And so did this great follower of Jesus. He had compassion upon

them that were out of the way, and he went out of his way to minister unto them.

There is this thing that I feel that I must say: He found men in unlooked-for places. I am looking into the faces this afternoon of some men in the ministry who are preaching today or leading in great causes today because Dr. Chapman found them, found them in some place of labor. They heard his call; they were touched by his magnetism, and they went out into the ministry. There are hundreds of ministers in this land and in all lands preaching today who would never have been preaching had not J. Wilbur Chapman found them; and there are many other ministers who are today preaching with greater power and larger resourcefulness because he touched their lives.

Yes, he had a passion for souls, but he had also a passion for soul-winners. And when you magnify his evangelistic missions and talk of the great meetings in which he preached Christ, you must also place side by side with them the conferences for ministers that he conducted all through this land and o'er the world. And, in those conferences, ministers of Jesus Christ were born anew to a higher ideal, to a finer consecration, to a more devoted ministry. All over the land, there are men today who would testify to his influence upon their ministry.

When I was a young man, minister of a small church of less than one hundred people, in the Borough of Brooklyn, J. Wilbur Chapman was preaching at East New York in one of the smaller evangelistic services that he conducted many years ago. I had known him before. I had been with him. But I sat at that meeting and I heard his message, and I saw something

that he had that I had not. I saw some larger possibilities. And waiting after that meeting, I talked with him awhile. Until four o'clock in the morning he sat with me and he talked and pointed out the way to a richer, larger, fuller Christian experience than I had ever had before.

Oh, my beloved, I owe so much unto thee, so much! And oh, ministers o'er all the land owe it to him. And why? Because of his one passion for Jesus. It was the absorbing theme of his preaching.

The last sermon that he preached in Brooklyn, just three weeks ago, was from that word in Philippians, "That I might know Him; that I might know Him." And this was his line, "That I might know Him as God; that I might know Him as the Saviour; that I might know Him as King." And he preached as I have seldom heard Wilbur Chapman preach, that Sabbath morning. And when he had concluded, and the prayer was offered, he stood up, and he said, "It may be that in this audience today there are those who want to give themselves to this Christ." And he made his fervent plea and said, "Speak to the pastor." Five men, all of them past fifty years of age, and two women, decided that morning in Central Church to accept Christ and enter the membership of his Church; and we shall have the privilege of receiving them within three Sundays into the membership. That was Chapman.

In preaching of Christ for the salvation of men, he had a deep, fixed, intelligent, personal conviction that the gospel was true, and that it was the power of God unto salvation. There was a ring of sincerity, an undertone of personal

conviction, a note of confidence, in all his preaching. He preached a faith that he had proved in the secret places of his own soul, and hence his preaching was profoundly spiritual and personal. To him the gospel was a well of life untouched by drought or frost, refreshing to his own spirit, and quenching the thirst of others. He preached it with a power that had back of it intellectual integrity, high conviction, moral fearlessness; he preached it with a marvelously simple, forceful, sinewy speech.

And one word more. Dr. Chapman worked not alone. He had the inspired genius of associating with himself, and of associating himself with, men in whom he had confidence, that unitedly they might move forward to the glory of the Saviour.

This service today that signalizes his ministry would be incomplete without one word of appreciation of the fellowship of Charles M. Alexander with J. Wilbur Chapman. The preacher of the gospel and the singer of the gospel heralded the Christ through all the world. Dr. Chapman had confidence in him, and he had confidence in and love for Dr. Chapman.

Oh, how I would like this afternoon to say a word about his friendship. But I cannot trust myself to do it. Few men loved as he loved.

Beloved brother, farewell, farewell and hail! 'Tis night here. 'Tis morning with thee. Bye and bye we shall clasp thy hand and look into thy face, when the shadows flee away, and then knowing, as we all know, we shall praise God for a life so filled with the Spirit of Christ, that in its fullness and faithfulness was a continuous service to the glory of Jesus Christ.

As we close this service, I am thinking sympathetically of those of you in the congregation who must feel a sense of generous envy toward these brethren in the pulpit who have been permitted to speak their tribute of love and affection. I am thinking of how many of you this afternoon, would wish to speak of some memory that is in your hearts, of some sermon which you will cherish always, or of some incident of personal intercourse and friendship.

I claim a single moment, at the conclusion of the service, to refer to a sermon I heard him preach in Winona. It was in the evening time, out under the trees, in the tenderness of those closing moments of the day which many of us remember; and his text was that text which is spoken twice, I think, in the Old Testament, once in an historical book and once again in the Psalms: "Thy gentleness hath made me great." And I think that, unwittingly, Dr. Chapman revealed in that text, without any thought of personal reference, of course,—unwittingly he revealed the secret of the power of his ministry in the Church and Kingdom of God. It was the gentleness of Jesus Christ that had gotten into his heart, and that spoke in the sweetness and joy of his ministry. And I should like, last of all, at the conclusion of this memorial service, to lay this text upon his bier, "Thy gentleness hath made me great."

And though we cannot have the time here to look again upon his beloved face, you will gather in imagination about this casket that contains the last remains, and you will lay the memory of your text, or of your sermon, or of the personal touch that you cherish, and all to the praise and honor of God.

THE REV. EDGAR WHITAKER WORK, D. D.:

Thus close these memorial services, and I trust that their simplicity, their earnestness, their spirituality have been in some sense, however small, worthy of the beauty and strength and the abiding character of this glorious ministry through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

After the benediction, the congregation is requested to remain standing as the family withdraws. The ministers and pallbearers and friends will retire by the door to my right, and they will be followed by the friends for whom carriages are reserved, or who have private vehicles. They will follow the family through the vestibule in the rear of the rostrum.

We shall be led once more to the throne of Christ, in concluding the services, by the Reverend Dr. David G. Wylie.

PRAYER AND BENEDICTION - -

THE REVEREND DAVID G. WYLIE, D.D.,
Secretary of the Board of Church Erection.

Our Father, God, amidst the gathering darkness, we come to Thee. How sweet, how sacred, is the quiet of the sanctuary on this Sabbath evening. Our hearts are filled with gratitude and thanksgiving for the gift of Thy dear Son, for the presence of Thy spirit, for Thy holy church with its Divine ministries.

We desire to thank Thee, our God, for the character, the achievements, of Thy servant, and for the large number of immortal souls that he won for Christ. And we rejoice to know, great God, and to thank Thee for the victory that Thou hast given him, when on Christmas morning

Thou didst welcome him to the Holy City into the ivory palaces of the King.

Great God, let Thy benediction rest upon his family, sanctify this sorrow to them, be with them when they shall carry the body of their loved one to its last resting-place and deposit it in the tomb, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.

Make us faithful, great God, we beseech Thee, until the end of the journey; and then may we enter upon that life that never ends. The grace of the Lord, Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit abide with you, now and forever. Amen.

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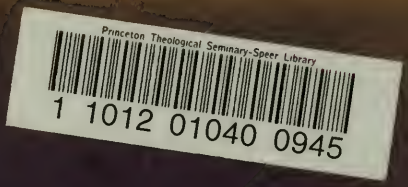
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